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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Ah, here thou comest, sweet Rain.
Soft, tender Rain, benison of the skies!
See now, what transformation in thy touch!
Straight all the land is green. The blossoming trees
Put on their bridal wreaths, and veil other charms
From the too ardent sun, beneath thy gift
Of soft diaphanous issue, pure and white
As angel's raiment. Little wood children
Deck all the path with flowers. The teeming earth
Offers rich gifts. The little Choristers
Sing ceaseless hymns, and the glad husbandman,
Adds his diapason. Bright fountains wake
And mingle with the swift roulade of streams;
The earth is full of music! Thou dost swing
Thy fragrant censer high, and dwellers in
The dusty city raise their toil-worn heads
From desk and bench, and cry "Summer is here!"
And straight they smell new hay and clover blooms,
And see the trout swift-darting in the brooks,
And the plover whistling in the fields;
The little children dream of daisy chains,
And pent-up youth thinks of a holiday,—
A holiday with romps, and cream, and flowers;
O, Rain! O, soft, sweet Rain! O, liberal Rain!
Touch our hard hearts, that we may more become
Like that Great Heart whose almoner art thou.

—SARAH ANNE CURZON, FROM INVOCATION TO RAIN.

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1912. NUMBER 20.

"THESE THREE."

A star leant down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of death;
Before it roll'd black shadows from the land—
That Star was Faith!

Across fierce storms that hid the mountains far
In funeral cope,
Piercing the black there sailed a throbbing star—
The Star was Hope!

From God's vast palm a large sun gladly rolled,
O'er land and sea;
Its core of fire its stretching hands of gold—
Large Charity!

—*Isabella Valancy Crawford.*

The *Chicago Tribune* asks dejectedly anent the local transportation problem, "How long must we wait before we get a 'modern' system that will not be out of date when it arrives?"

This is an interesting hint as to the confusion of party lines in current politics that comes from the declaration of William Jennings Bryan to the "home-folks" that, "He came nearer being nominated at Chicago than at Baltimore." Now the thoughtful and philosophic observer notes that Wilson and Roosevelt are in deep water, fighting for the same plank upon which one or the other hopes to affect a landing.

A New York heiress has tabulated the requirements of any successful applicant for her hand, among which are: "He must have decided ideas on the raising of poultry and pigs; must like lemon with his tea; eat ice cream with his fork, and must not wear pink neckties or jewelry." These may not be very wise discriminations, but it is encouraging to find a disposition to discriminate among heiresses. It is well for a girl to have ideals as regards the man she is to marry; better poor ideals than none at all.

We print this week the first installment of one of the short stories entitled "Invisible Links," from the pen of Selma Lagerlof, a Swedish writer of rising fame. The story is specially translated for the pages of UNITY by Axel Lundeberg. As Miss Lagerlof is a comparative stranger to American readers we print the following introduction which has come to us from the columns of another paper, hoping that the title of the notice, "A Feminine Dickens," will be justified in the minds of her American readers:

A FEMININE DICKENS.

Of late years the Scandinavian countries seem to have been prolific in men and women of genius in literature. One of the latest to be brought to the notice of the English-speaking public, in English translations of her works, is Selma Lagerlof.

It is accounted of her that she has more faithfully mirrored the soul of the Swedish people than any other writer, past or present. Like Dickens, she has created scenes and characters that take a more vital hold on the popular imagination than even real palaces and persons. All over Sweden postal cards are found representing scenes in Miss Lagerlof's "Adventures of Nils." This appears to be the book that has given her greatest popularity.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" grew out of the educational needs of Sweden. It was undertaken by Miss Lagerlof at the request of the National Teachers' association, with a view of embodying the geography and natural history of the country in such interesting form as to insure its use as supplementary reading in the schools. The result is a fairy story that is read with delight by old and young. It is found that her fictitious names are more often used by travelers than the real ones.

One of her latest articles, "Woman the Savior of the State," beautifully works out the idea that woman saves the state by creating the home. "I place before myself," she says, "Rembrandt's old peasant woman, she of the thousand wrinkles in her intelligent face, and I ask myself why she lived. The woman's reply to the question is found in her calm and kindly smile. 'All I did was to make a good home.'"

This is what the good women of countless generations would answer if they could rise from their graves. This is woman's contribution to civilization, in which she has been helped, of course, by the men, but it is she who has won the battle for the state by making a cheerful refuge for the man and enabling him to bear up against his burdens.

Miss Lagerlof is said to be idolized in Sweden, hailed in Germany as the foremost woman of our time, beloved in Russia and Holland, and much admired in France. She was awarded the Nobel prize for her optimism in literature.

At last the cry for a *sane* Fourth seems to justify the belief that there are more sane than crazy people in the United States. So far only twenty-four deaths and nine hundred and eighty-three casualties are reported as the result of the Fourth of July insanity. Many cities besides Chicago have passed strenuous ordinances against firearms. Many of the cities are succeeding better than Chicago in restoring the Fourth of July to its primal function as a day of patriotism, one calculated to develop community enthusiasm and neighborhood pride. The above figures show a hopeful decrease from those of 1909 which scored two hundred and fifteen deaths and five thousand and ninety-three injured, as reported by the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. Let us hope that 1909 represents the high-water mark of American insanity on the fourth day of July.

Dr. W. A. Evans, that Prince of Good Sense and Professor of Sanity, who conducts the "How to Keep Well" department in the *Chicago Tribune*, in answer to the question, "Is it not best that children should have

measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., because they are inevitable, etc.?" says, "In this day of enlightenment almost no children have small-pox, but a small minority have diphtheria, less than half have scarlet fever, and not much over half have measles; therefore, a mother who exposes her children to infections throws away a good chance of escaping them. More nursing babies die of measles than of scarlet fever. Many children get pneumonia as a complication, some get Bright's disease, some suffer such changes that, for years thereafter, they are frail and delicate." In the same paper this distressingly honest and candid physician says: "Tobacco frequently impairs the sight and sometimes causes blindness." But the fool will go on using tobacco, and the Universe,—let us give it the strongest, the most potent name in the dictionary, which David Starr Jordan calls the "Fool-Killer," will be everlastingly after him, and, sooner or later, in one way or another, will get square with him.

There is great significance in the fact that professors of the University of Chicago were largely in the initiative that started a co-operative grocery in the neighborhood of the university. The local papers say that more than two hundred and fifty families in that territory own one or more shares at ten dollars a share, that eighty-five professors and executives of the university are financially interested. The purchasers are to pay cash and are to receive six per cent interest on capital invested, and at the end of every three months the net earnings are to be figured out and returned to purchasers in proportion to their purchases. It is hoped that this will be the first of a growing series of such stores, such as are reported in successful operation in England. Professor Paul Goode was the first purchaser at this Co-operative Store. Whether this movement succeeds or not, it is to be noted on the part of the universities of America that Wisconsin is not to be allowed the unchallenged reputation for practicality. There are others among the universities who are determined to bring their academic wisdom to bear upon the problems of the multitude, the perplexities of daily life.

Those interested in the "Politics Beyond the Politicians," of which we spoke in a recent editorial, will find little source of satisfaction in the "War and Navy plank" projected into the Democratic platform at Baltimore. There is but little to choose between this and the disappointing plank perpetrated in Chicago at the Republican Convention. Both parties evaded the issue, catered to the conventional and "kow-towed" to the spirit of the past rather than to the spirit of the future,—the fell spirit of militarism. There is reason to fear that the insurgency in the Democratic party will disappoint the truly progressive in this direction. The lovers of peace and progress wait anxiously for some relieving, authoritative statement on this question from the Democratic candidate. It is to be feared that he was born on the wrong side of the Potomac and the Ohio. The South that has suffered beyond any other spot on the globe in the nineteenth century from the fell spirt of war is still, strange to say, under the spell of powder, the glamor of the bayonet and the exciting but treacherous inspiration of fife and drum. It was the venerable senator from Georgia, —poor Georgia—who perhaps turned the tide in the Senate against the Treaties of Peace which constitute the glory, the one unchallenged honor that belongs to the Taft administration. It is Hobson, mad with the excitement of the camp, drunk with the honors of soldiery, who lashes Congress into a frenzy for armament. Backed thus by both parties it is no wonder that we come upon the discouraging news that the United States Senate has just passed its Naval Bill which appropriated $133,609,674, and on the top of that the usual provision for two more battleships. But we curb our indignation. What else, or what much better can be expected from the United States Senate!! But let us not be ungrateful, let us be just to the South. Here is a gleam of hope,—it was Senator Johnston of Alabama who tried to eliminate one battleship and who gave notice that when the proper time came, he would move that the privileges of the Panama Canal should be denied to all nations who would not agree to the building of but one battleship a year. Why not refuse its uses to all nations that insult the spirit of the age and menace the peace of the world by adding in any manner to the accursed armaments that represent the *un*civilized elements in our civilization. It is encouraging, though, to note that even the Senate extended the eight-hour law to the workmen who are to toil on these new contrivances for the purposes of destroying life and property,—the last elaboration of the bludgeon, the most academically constructed "Big Stick," although Hepburn and Gallinger, the Senators that *mis*represent Idaho and New Hampshire, contended that this amelioration of labor would increase the governmental expense from four to five million dollars. Perhaps that is the only benignant use that can be ascribed to this money. Through these laborers some of this money will go for college tuition of boys and girls, sons and daughters of working-men. Let them go to school where they will learn to discover the fallacy of battleship arguments, the wicked waste of war and the non-progressive and non-representative character of the United States Senate.

The High Cost of Living

The movement towards establishing co-operative stores,—groceries and others, commented upon in another note, is only one of the many efforts to solve the problems connected with the high cost of living, any solution of which seems to come to two specific economic evolutions if not revolutions.

One is the reduction of the number of middlemen,—those who neither produce nor consume, but must be supported; some of them, aye, many of them, supported in great affluence, out of the necessities of life *in transit*: the number of men who live well between the wheat field, the cotton field, the sheep pasture and the cattle ranch and the men who wear the wool and the cotton and who eat the sheep and the steers.

These middlemen would seem to be a reducible quantity. They are now, all things considered, the more independent and, oftentimes, most defiant elements in the economic problem, for they get their profits, going or coming, whether or no. If the route between the men who create or increase the sources of life and the men who consume the same can be shortened, the army of middlemen thus reduced would be given back to the fields and the shops. The adjustment may mean more sweat and a greater demand for overalls; but the result will be more happiness in the world and more independent men. It ought to mean less superfluous wealth and fewer underfed and overworked victims of maladjustment.

The second *evolution* or revolution in the economic world would seem to be rearrangement of the American *menu*. The cost of living seems to be measured by the cost of the steer and the pig. The meat-eating habits of the American seem to have outgrown the physiological demands as well as the agricultural resources, even of the United States. Is it possible to reduce the meat-eating of the American people without reducing the vitality, the energy, in short, the working power of the same? The vegetarian agitator has worked,—perhaps over-worked, the humanitarian phase of his cause. Nature has planted deep the biological law of sacrifice; the lower is ever surrendering to the interest of the higher. Death in some form or other is the price of life and the question for the humanitarian is how to reduce the cruelties, to increase the joys of living and to bring the maximum results out of every life, whether it be of man or beast.

It seems to us, also, that the physiological argument of the vegetarian is over-worked. Man, as a matter of fact as well as of theory, is an omniverous animal, able to appropriate both vegetable and animal food. It would seem as though the higher civilization needs both resources. The "roughage" of the world, the grasses of the wild woods, the "shucks," straw and hay of the cultivated field pass through the laboratory of the barnyard and are converted into direct resources of the table.

But these considerations should not be allowed to destroy the world's maximum resources or convert the necessities into luxuries. If there is more human nutriment in a bushel of corn before it is passed through the laboratory of the steer's stomach, than after, then it becomes an ethical as well as an economic duty to cultivate the appetite for Johnny cake and to curb the costly relish for beef steak. Perhaps when we can learn to do without so much beef and pork and still thrive and be happy, the meat market will find its re-adjustment and the farmer may afford to eat his own lambs, even though fewer middlemen will ride in their automobiles on the profits of mutton.

But now all these questions are in the academic stage; the very discussion of them in this connection is subject to the charge of being "theoretic" or "visionary so we reiterate our satisfaction over this move of the Chicago University professors to establish a co-operative grocery and congratulate the city that it has a university worthy of its name and location. The produce of the Mississippi Valley has been handled in the main, skillfully and effectively by the Board of Trade and associate activities in the loop district. Perhaps the same produce is to be more wisely distributed and adjusted to the needs of life through the applied wisdom and the scientific efficiency on the campus that borders the Midway.

The Religious Aspect of Business

"Business is business," many people are fond of saying. "It is not philanthropy; it is not religion. Religion is up in the air, while business is here on earth." Thus a certain prominent member of a great city church said: "I have no use for these social subjects. I want religion to help me get to heaven."

This opinion survives from a quite barbaric idea of the world. Men used to divide the secular, or "profane," from the spiritual realm. They permitted themselves to do about as they pleased during the week, provided they paid their respects to the Almighty on Sunday. Perhaps the world misunderstood Jesus in quoting so often the text about giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, as if Cæsar ever could have anything that did not belong to God!

See now what curious tricks this ancient, barbarous view of business, as merely secular, still plays with the modern mind. "My business is my own," a man thinks. "Have I not built it up by industry and ability? Can I not do what I please with my own? If I play according to the rules of the game,—that is, play as the others play; if I pay my taxes and my subscriptions and lend a hand now and then to a fellow in trouble; if I give such wages as the market allows, and

Christmas gifts besides,—who has any right to call me to account, or interfere with my business?" A man's natural egotism, the subtle arrogance that comes with success and prosperity and fast automobiles, is apt to commit him rather solidly to this preposterous view of the non-religious nature of business. It is all contained in the old story of Nebuchadnezzar,—"Is not this Great Babylon which I have built?" Perhaps this tendency is more subtle if a man is of a kindly disposition and takes genuine pleasure in giving money in charity. He really likes to be philanthropic, provided his benevolence is not allowed to interfere with his business.

What is the fallacy in this familiar idea of business? The trouble is that this not an egotist's world, but a social world. There is hardly anything beyond the barest personal belongings that a man really holds as his own. He is always living and working and spending and enjoying in society. He is, therefore, a sharer with others in all that he does, a sharer in his thoughts and his plans, which no single individual ever originated, a sharer by good right in every item upon which he pays taxes, since a whole group of neighbors and workmen, and, more remotely, the labor and invention of the world for ages, have gone into the making of what he calls his business and his property. There is not a man living who, if a strict inquest were made, searching out where his money came from, could dare to claim that it is all his own and gathered by his enterprise alone. There is not a business which, if it could have the benefit of careful investigation, would prove to be merely the concern of the man or men at the head of it. It is the concern of the clerks and porters also; it is the concern of all its customers; it is even the concern of the wives and children of the men in command. Is it not a wife's or child's concern whether or not any taint of fraud or dishonor or meanness comes into the house with the monthly allowance?

This is growing palpably obvious in the case of public service corporations, like the railroads and the telegraph and telephone companies and the mines. The world has not got over laughing (a rather fierce laugh in some quarters!) at the fatuous remark of Mr. Baer of coal-mining renown, who seemed to imagine that the Lord had presented all the coal to him and his associates! We are not raising here any question of mere legality. As in the old days, the master owned the slave legally, so certain men may legally own the railroad or the mine. We point to the social or human facts behind the law. The great corporation exists for the good of society. It is no private monopoly; it is a marvellous social responsibility. But so, likewise, is every business which may rightfully be carried on.

Why should not every business man rejoice that this is so? Why should he not see that he can do the service of a philanthropist, not merely by incidental kindnesses and gifts to charity, but much more by the singleness of aim, the integrity and scrupulousness, the humanity and democracy, with which he helps to carry on his business as his part of the vast industrial mechanism of civilization?

At any rate, this is religion, and, as sure as this is a universe, and especially a divine or spiritual universe, this must be so. It is slowly and surely coming into general sight. If a man in real sense is a child of the universe or a son of God, he is normally so altogether, and at all times. He cannot be suffered to put himself "in gear,"—that is, at his best,—when he sits in church or greets his friends, and then throw himself "out of gear," and be other than his best self, when he goes to his office, when he sits with his board of directors, when he has to consider the treatment of workmen, or to assist in fixing righteous prices and rates and wages. He cannot allow in himself the tone of conceit and superiority over other men, his brothers; he cannot try to forbid in them, because they are workingmen, any rights, for example, of combination, which he claims for himself. He must be a social man in his business, with the constant goodwill that befits a friendly and civilized man, or else drop to be something less than a man. And the inexorable but beneficent powers of the universe will not long continue to tolerate any creature that has fairly ceased to be an animal, and yet who will not rise at their call to the work and the joy and the stature of a grown man.

C. F. Dole, in the Christian Register.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

The ships glide in at the harbor's mouth,
  And the ships sail out to sea;
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny South,
  It is sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
  There's a world of trouble and care,
But oh, in a world where our Father reigns
  There is gladness everywhere!

The harvest waves in the breezy morn,
  And the men go forth to reap,
The fulness comes to the tasseled corn
  Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod,
  There are blossoms that scent the air;
For oh, in the world of our Father, God,
  There is beauty everywhere!

The breath grows faint on the dying lips,
  And the weary hands lie still;
Our life is dimmed by the grief-eclipse,
  But we rest on the Father's will.
A world of parting, a world of tears,
  Yet we sink not in despair,
For oh, in the midst of the mournful years,
  There is comfort everywhere!

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
  And the tide of joy flows in,
He giveth, he taketh, he knoweth best,
  The Lord to whose home we win.
And oh, when the soul is with trials tossed
  There is help in the lifted prayer!
For never a soul that he loves is lost,
  And our Father is everywhere!

The ships sail over the harbor bar
  Away and away to sea,
The ships sail in with the evening star,
  To the port where no tempests be.
The harvests wave on the summer hills,
  And the bands go forth to reap,
And all is right as our Father wills,
  Whether we wake or sleep.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

—*Emerson.*

Mrs. Fast and Peter Nord

By Selma Lagerlof.
Dedicated to Jenkin Lloyd Jones by the Translator, Axel Lundeberg.

The Lord giveth the Word; great is the company of those that publish it. Psalm lxviii.

The little village lingers in my recollection, inviting as a home. It is so small that I could learn all its nooks and corners, could become a friend of every child and learn the name of every dog. Passing along the street one would know at what window to look up to see a pretty face behind the window pane, and the frequenters of the village park knew pretty well when to go there to meet the ones they cared to see.

The pretty roses in one's neighbor's garden would arouse one's pride just as if they were growing in one's own family garden. If one did anything small and mean, one would feel ashamed just as if it had occurred in one's own family, but the very least accident, as for instance a fire or a street fight would arouse one's patriotic feelings and make one exclaim: "Look, what a village! Do such things happen elsewhere? What a wonderful village!"

And in this my beloved village nothing changes. If I ever visit it again, I shall find the same houses and stores which I know from olden times ;the same holes in the street pavement will make me stumble; the same stiff linden-hedges and smoothly trimmed syringa-bushes will capture my admiring looks. I shall again see the old judge, who governs the whole village, come marching down the street with steps heavy as those of an elephant. Patriarch and Providence! how safe do I feel knowing you are walking there! And the deaf Halfvorson shall keep on hoeing in his garden, while his clear-sighted eyes are staring and searching as if they would say: "Everything, yea, everything have we examined; now, earth, we shall pierce through to thy very inmost!"

One personage, however, will not be found there. In vain shall I look for the little rotund Peter Nord, the little country lad, you know, who clerked in Halfvorson's store, he who entertained the customers with his little mechanical inventions and his white mice. There is a whole story about him. There is a story worth telling about everything and about all in that village. Nowhere else do such wonderful things happen.

He was a farmer boy, was little Peter Nord. He was short and stout, he was brown eyed and smiling. His hair was fairer than the autumnal birch leaves, his cheeks were red and downy. And from Wärmland he hailed. No one, on seeing him, could believe that he could come from any other province. His excellent homeland had endowed him with splendid accomplishments. Quick of action, deft of fingers, swift of tongue and ready of thought was he; and withal a merry fellow, a capital joker, good natured and bold, kind hearted and combative, inquisitive and talkative. The madcap, he was unable to show more reverence for a mayor than for a beggar! But a heart he had. He fell in love every other day, and the whole village knew his secrets.

As for the daily routine work in the store it was done by this child of so many gifts in some supernatural manner. The customers were attended to while he was feeding the white mice. Money was changed and counted while he was fitting the wheels to his automatic carriages. And while he was telling his customers his latest love story, his eyes were riveted on the can where the brown sirup was leisurely trickling down. And his admiring friends were delighted to see him suddenly jumping over the counter and rushing out on the street to have a brush with some loafing street gamin, and then, cool blooded and calm, return to tie a string around a package or measure a piece of cloth.

Is it not easy to understand why he became the favorite of the whole village? We all felt in duty bound to trade at Halfvorson's, since Peter Nord came there. Even the old judge himself felt proud, when Peter Nord pulled him into a dark corner to show him his white mice in the cages. The exhibition of the mice was always connected with some anxiety and excitement, for Halfvorson had forbidden him to keep them in the store.

But then one or two gloomy days with mist and thaw darkened the brightening February sky. Peter Nord, all at once, became sombre and taciturn. He let the white mice gnaw their wire cages without giving them anything to eat. He attended to his chores irreprovably. He did not tussle with the street gamins. What was the matter with Peter Nord? Could he not stand the change in the winter weather? Nothing of the kind! The case was that he had found a fifty dollar bill on one of the shelves. He thought it had been thrown up there with a piece of cloth, and stealthily had he shoved it under a bolt of plaid worsted, which at that time was out of season and never taken down from the shelves. The boy was harboring a deep presentment against Mr. Halfvorson. He had killed a whole family of mice for him, and now the boy was intent upon revenge. He could still see before his eyes the white mother mouse surrounded by her helpless young ones. She had not made a single attempt at flight but had remained in her nest in imperturbable heroism, staring with red, burning eyes at the heartless murderer. Was not then a short hour of anxiety his just due? Peter Nord wished to see him coming, deathly pale, from the office and begin looking for the fifty-dollar bill. He wished to see the same anxiety in his crystal clear eyes as he had seen in the pomegranate eyes of the white mouse. It should not be so easy for the merchant to find the bill. He would have to turn the whole store upside down, before Peter Nord would let him find it.

But the fifty-dollar bill had to lie in its hiding place the whole day, and no one asked for it. It was brand new, many colored and bright and had large fifties in each corner. When Peter Nord was alone in the store he would place a stepladder against the shelves and climb up to the bolt of worsted. He pulled out the fifty-dollar bill, smoothed it out and admired its beauty.

In the midst of his most busy hours he would be seized with anxiety that something might have happened to that fifty-dollar bill. He then pretended to be looking for something on the shelves and fumbled under the bolt of worsted until he felt the smooth bill and heard it rustle under his fingers.

That bill had of a sudden obtained a supernatural

power over him. Did a spark of life hide within it? The fifties surrounded by wide rings,—were they not charming eyes? The boy kissed them all and whispered, "Of such ones I would have many, very many."

He began to form all kinds of conjectures about the bill, and to question himself why Halfvorson did not ask for it. Maybe it did not belong to Halfvorson. Might it not have lain for ever so long in the store? And maybe no one had a claim to it anymore.

Thoughts are contagious. At the supper table Halfvorson had begun to talk about money and men who had made money. He told Peter Nord about the many poor men who had become rich. Beginning with Whittington he ended with Astor and Gould. Halfvorson knew the history of all of them. He knew how they had labored and sacrificed, what they had invented and what they had dared. When touching on that subject he became eloquent. He shared the sufferings of these young moneymakers, he followed them on their way to success, he rejoiced over their victories. Peter Nord listened spellbound.

Halfvorson was perfectly deaf, but this was no obstacle to conversation, for he coud read on your lips all you said. But he could not hear his own voice. His intonation, therefore, rolled in strange wavelets through the air as monotonous as the roar of a distant waterfall. But the uncanny timbre of his voice made it stick to one's ears, so that one could not get rid of it for many days. Poor Peter Nord!

"The one thing necessary, if you want to get rich," said Halfvorson, "is the first dollar. But that dollar cannot be earned. Look here! They have all found it in the street or inside the lining of an old coat, bought at an auction in a pawnbroker's shop, or they have won it by gambling, or received it as a gift from a beautiful and charitable lady. But this blessed coin once found, they have succeeded in everything. A stream of gold has gushed forth from it as from a fountain head. What is needed first of all, Peter Nord, is the dollar to start with."

More and more hollow and sepulchral did Halfvorson's voice ring in his ears. Young Peter Nord sat spellbound, and saw nothing but money before his eyes. On the table-cloth heaps of gold were piling up, the floor became a glistening white sea of silver, and the muddled patterns of the soiled wall-paper were changed into bank-notes large as handkerchiefs. And right in front of his eyes fluttered fifties surrounded by wide rings enticing and beckoning as the most ravishing eyes. "Who knows," smiled the eyes, "but what that fifty-dollar bill up there on the shelves is meant for such a start?"

"Now, listen!" said Halfvorson, "next to the start two things are necessary for those who are determined to climb to the top of the ladder. Work, strenuous work, Peter Nord, is the one; and the second is called self-sacrifice. Sacrifice of play and fun and love, of chat and laugh, of the morning promenade and the evening stroll. Yea, to be sure, two things are necessary for success. Work is the one, the other is sacrifice."

Peter Nord looked as if he were about to cry. He wished to get rich, no doubt about that, he wished to be happy, but success should not come with so much anxiety and worry and crucifixion of the flesh. Success should come easily and without his doing, it certainly should. While Peter Nord was engaged in exchanging fisticuffs with the street gamins, the noble lady should drive her carriage to the door of the store and invite the country boy to take place at her side. But then Halfvorson's voice again began thundering in his ears. It filled his whole brain. He believed nothing else, he knew nothing else. Work and self-sacrifice from early morning till late at night, such was life and such was our destiny. He asked for nothing else, he dared not believe that he ever had wished for anything else. The next day he dared not kiss the fifty-dollar bill, he dared not even look at it. He was silent and downhearted, industrious and orderly. He did all his chores so blamelessly that everyone could understand that there was something the matter with him. The old judge became worried about the boy and did everything he could to cheer him up.

"Does Peter Nord intend to attend the Lenten ball tonight?" asked the old man. "Why not? I guess I shall have to invite you. And be sure to come, or I will tell Halfvorson where your mice cages are."

Peter Nord heaved a deep sigh and promised to go to the ball.

Lenten ball! Peter Nord was going to the Lenten ball, just think of it! Peter Nord was going to see all of the pretty girls of the village in their white ball costumes and adorned with roses. But Peter Nord, of course, could not expect to dance with any one of of them. Well, what difference did it make after all? He did not feel very much like dancing at present, anyway.

At the ball he stood pouting behind a door and took no part in the dancing whatever. Some fellows had tried to get him interested, but he had resisted all their temptations and said, "No." How could he know how to dance the society dances!, Neither would any of the high-toned society ladies dance with him. He was too far below them.

But as he was standing looking at the glittering panorama of the ballroom, his eyes began to sparkle and twinkle, and he felt the thrill of joy gliding through all his joints. It was due to the dance music, it was due to the fragrance of the flowers, it was due to the many beautiful faces he saw around him. In a little while he was so brimful of joy that, if joy were fire, big flames would have encircled him all around. And if love were what many say it is, he would not have been better off. He was always in love with some pretty girl, but until now only with one at a time. But when he saw all these beautiful ladies at once, it was no longer a lonely fire on the hearth that consumed his sixteen-year-old heart, no, it was a whole conflagration.

Once in a while he looked down on his boots, which, forsooth, did not look very much like ball shoes. But how well would he have known how to keep time on those wide heels and swing around on the thick soles! Something was stirring and throbbing within him and trying to throw him out on the floor like a spinning top. Still he resisted, though the tempest within became more violent the farther the night proceeded. He became giddy and full of glow. Heyho, no longer was he the poor Peter Nord! He was the young whirlwind that stirs the sea and fells the forest.

All of a sudden the band struck up a regular highland fling. The farmer boy lost control of himself. It sounded like a polka, a genuine country mazurka.

Suddenly Peter Nord sprang to the center of the floor. He entirely forgot where he was. He

was no longer at a city ball, but at home in the barn on a midsummer eve. He stalked forward, knees bent, head deep down between the shoulders. Without an introduction he flung his arms around the waist of a young lady and dragged her with him. And so he began to dance the polka.

The lady followed him, half reluctantly, almost pulled by force. She did not keep time, she did not know what dance it was, but all of a sudden everything went all right. The secret of the dance was revealed to her. The polka carried her, lifted her, her feet got wings, she became light as air. She seemed to fly forward.

For the Wärmland polka is a most wonderful dance. It transforms the heavy footed sons of mother earth. Noiselessly do they soar on inch thick soles over rough barn floors. They whirl around light as leaves in an autumnal storm. It is soft, swift, silent and smooth. Its noble measured movements set the bodies free and make them feel light, elastic, flying.

While Peter Nord danced his native polka, there was silence in the ballroom. At first they laughed, but then it dawned upon them that this was dancing. This gliding forward in even, swift whirls was certainly dancing if anything.

Peter Nord became aware of a wonderful stillness ruling all around him. He suddenly stopped and stroked his forehead. No black barn floor, no leaf-covered walls, no light blue summer night, no jolly farmer girl was there in the gay crowd he saw. He felt abashed and wished to sneak away.

But too late! He was already surrounded and besieged. The young ladies crowded in on the grocery clerk and cried: "Dance with us, dance with us!"

They were anxious to learn how to dance the polka. Everyone wanted to learn this alluring dance. The ballroom was switched off its regular track and began to look like a dancing school. All were agreed that never before had they known what it meant to dance. And Peter Nord became the hero of the night.

He had a dance with all the society ladies, and they were exceedingly kind to him. Was he not only a boy, and such a jolly fellow at that? How could one help spoiling him?

Peter Nord felt that this was happiness. To be the ladies' favorite, to dare to talk to them, to be in the midst of the gaslight, in the whirl, to be feted, spoiled, this certainly was happiness.

When the ball was over he was too happy to feel sorry even for that. He needed to get home to ponder in silence on the events of the night.

Halfvorson was unmarried and had in the house a niece who did some office work for him. While poor and dependent on Halfvorson still she nevertheless always looked down in pride both on him and on Peter Nord. She had many friends among the society people in the village and was invited to families who never received Halfvorson. Peter Nord took her home from the ball.

"Do you know, Nord," asked Edith, "that Halfvorson soon will be tried for selling liquor without a license? Please tell me all about it!"

"It is none of their business," said Peter Nord.

Edith sighed. "There certainly is something in the rumor. And there will be trials and fines and scandals galore. I would like to know all about it."

"After all it is best not to know anything," said Peter Nord.

"Yes, but I am trying to get up in society, Nord," continued Edith, "and I would like to help Halfvorson up, too, but he always dumps down again. No matter how I try he always does something that makes both him and me impossible. I can read in his face that something is brewing. Do you know what it is, Peter Nord? I wish I knew!"

"NO," said Peter Nord, and not a word more did he care to say. Was it reasonable to talk about such things to him, who was returning home from his first ball?

In the rear of the store there was a little den for the clerk. There sat Peter Nord of to-day comparing notes with Peter Nord of yesterday. How pale and cowardly the rascal looked! Now he found out what he was good for. Thief and miser! Did he know his eighth commandment? What he ought to have was a thorough whipping. He ought to!

He thanked God who had let him go to the ball and get a new heart. Ugh, how ugly it had been within him. But now everything was changed. Wealth was not worth the sacrifice of conscience and peace of mind after all! It was not worth so much as a white mouse, unless a fellow could have some fun at the same time! He clapped his hands and triumphantly exclaimed that he was free, free, free!

No desire for the possession of the fifty-dollar bill remained in his soul. How nice, was it not, to be happy!

After having retired he decided to hand Halfvorson the fifty-dollar bill early next morning. Then the thought that the merchant might enter the store before him the next day, look for the bill and find it, began to worry him. Then he would, of course, think that Peter Nord had hidden it with the intention of keeping it. That thought never left him. He tried to rid himself of it, but in vain. He was unable to sleep. At last he rose, slipped out to the store and grabbed the fifty-dollar bill. He then fell asleep peacefully with the bill under his pillow.

An hour later he was awakened. A bright light flashed on his eyes, a hand fumbled under his pillow, and a thundering voice was cursing and swearing.

Before the boy was fully awake, Halfvorson already held the bill in his hand, showing it to the two women who were standing in the door of the office. "You see I was right," said Halfvorson. "You see it was worth while for me to wake you up to get witnesses to his crime! You see that he is a thief!"

"No, no, no," cried poor Peter Nord, "I did not mean to steal, I simply hid the bill."

Halfvorson was deaf. The two women turned their faces away, determined neither to see nor to hear anything.

Peter Nord sat in the bed. He appeared at once miserably weak and puny. His tears streamed. He groaned loudly.

"Uncle," said Edith, "he is howling."

"Let him howl," said Halfvorson! And he stepped up and looked the boy in the face. "Yes, I believe you are howling at the top of your voice," he said, "but it does not impress me."

"Oh, oh," cried Peter Nord, "I am no thief. I hid the bill just for fun to tease you. I simply wanted to punish you for killing my mice. I am no thief. Will no one hear me? I am no thief."

"Uncle," said Edith, "have you tortured him enough now, so we can go to bed again?"

"Yes, I understand that it sounds awful," said Halfvorson, "but it can't be helped. He went mad with joy. "I have had my eyes on you for a long time, you," he said to the boy. "You always had something to hide when I came into the store. But this time you got caught. Here are the witnesses to your crime, and now I go for the marshal."

The boy gave a piercing scream. "Will no one help me?" he cried time and again. But then Halfvorson was gone, and the old woman who kept house for him came in to the boy.

"Rise and dress at once, Peter Nord! Halfvorson has gone for the village marshall, and meanwhile you can run away. Miss Edith, you may go out in the kitchen and put up some lunch for him, while I pack his trunk.

His heartrending wailing ceased at once. After a brief moment of hurrying the boy was ready. He kissed the hands of the two women humbly as a whipped dog. And off he ran.

They stood in the door looking after him. When he was gone they heaved a sigh of relief.

"What will Halfvorson say now?" said Edith.

"Oh, he will be pleased,' 'answered the housekeeper. "He merely set a trap for the boy, I believe. All he wanted was to get rid of him."

"Why so? That boy was the best one we have had in the store for many years."

"He might not have wanted him as a witness in his trial."

Edith stood silent and breathed heavily. "It is so mean, so mean," she murmured. She shook her clenched fist against the office and the little window in the door through which Halfvorson could look into the store. She, too, had a mind to flee out in the wide world from all this rascality.

She heard a noise far away in the store. She listened, went nearer, groping her way to where the sound came from, and at last found, behind a barrel of herring ,the cage with Peter Nord's white mice.

She lifted it up, placed it on the counter, and opened the door of the cage. Mouse after mouse leaped out and disappeared behind boxes and cans.

"May you thrive and multiply!" said Edith. "Let us see that you do some mischief and take revenge on your master."

BISHOP VINCENT ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

TRIBUTES.

At eighty years like one of yore
(See Deuteronomy 34);
A Teacher of prophetic mind;
Eloquent Preacher, Pastor kind;
Sire of Chautauqua and George E.—
Who would not the good Bishop be?

If I were a Queen, and sat on a throne,
And never knew sorrow and never knew tears,
I would give it all for that heart of thine,
For thy beautiful life and thy eighty years,
Friend of the many Days!

O we have known Care, and we have known Grief,
And the Silent Guest, like a thief in the night,
But *thou* hast been like a stately Ship,
Sailing serenely into the Light,
After the storm and stress.

And I think of the scores and scores of those
Here, and there, and over the sea,
Who have fought and won in the Battle of Life
And touched the Divine, because of *thee*,
O Leader and Lover of Men!

So if I were a Queen, on my royal throne,
And never knew sorrow and never knew tears,
My lot would be nought to the splendor of thine,
With its riches of love, and its beautiful years
Of service for God and Men.

From Bishop Vincent Anniversary Number of the Chautauquan.

An American Girl Reforming India

The people of India have been told for many years that the child marriage is hardly second to the dead hands of caste, fatalism, and superstition in holding back that great Empire's stagnant but prolific millions, but it remained for a young California woman to start, single-handed, the first promising campaign against this ancient social evil. For decade after decade social uplifters in Europe and America have believed with Kipling, says the New York *Sun*, that you must not try to hurry the East—and, of course, the East has never thought of doing any hurrying of her own free will. The story of child marriage is as old as India itself, but people, doubtless, will go on repeating it until the old custom, with its cruelties to children and its blighting effect upon the race, is wiped out. A repetition of it by a traveling lecturer in a California town a few years ago set Miss Carrie A. Tennant thinking, and out of her thoughts came inspiration, followed by action, says *The Sun* in an interesting article on the young woman and her work. The supposed magnitude of the undertaking, and the bewildering distance between Southern Asia and the Western World, had discouraged many reform missionaries of practical experience, but Miss Tennant made up her mind to tackle the job, no matter who had shied at it. She gave the subject considerable thought after hearing the lecture, and a few months later she solved the problem in true American-girl fashion. She did not know whether she could accomplish anything or not, but she was bent on having a try at it in her own way. She went to Calcutta early in 1909, and spent nearly two years studying conditions. In December, 1910, while attending a social-welfare conference at Allahabad, she met many prominent natives who were willing to listen to her plans, and give her plenty of latitude to do the work in her own way. Terms were agreed upon, and she went to work in January, 1911. Of what she has already accomplished, *The Sun* says:

"Her success is surprising. It is even a little amusing. The absolute frankness with which she tells audiences composed of dignitaries and men of the highest caste that their country is in a desperately low condition, and that it is up to them to get busy and do something about it, is rather startling.

"She calmly informs the young men that they are weaklings compared with men of other countries—and they applaud violently. She tells them that when child marriage is abolished 'then alone will there be hope for caste-ridden India!' And for reply they go up and join her league. She reasons, pleads, scolds, anything to rouse them from their Oriental passivity. And they give her a vote of thanks for it.

Probably most of them know that shé tells the truth. While the system of child marriage can not rouse in their minds the horror with which Americans view it, the educated Hindu nevertheless admits that it is at least a bad thing for his country. The personal side of it, the tragedy of the wretched lives of millions of little girls, does not grip him as it does the American man or woman. If it did, Miss Tennant might sail for home tomorrow. Even the indolence of India would then disappear. There would be no more child wives. And if there were no child wives, there would be none of those tragic little figures on the world's stage—the child widows.

In Bengal alone, according to the latest census, one girl in every five is a widow. Some of them are mere babies only a year old. Others are just budding into womanhood with a natural right to love and happiness, home and children. Yet every one of these widows is condemned to a wretched existence. She must perform the meanest labor, wear only the coarsest and scantiest of clothing. She is not allowed to be present at any social gathering. She can never marry. She is a slave to everybody. All because in some mysterious astrological fashion her set of stars is supposed to have been unfavorable to her husband's, and therefore to have caused his death.

Thousands of little wives, too, whose horoscope has agreed with that of the bridegroom sufficiently to permit him to survive, are yet almost as badly off. Girls of nine or ten years are married to men from twenty-five to eighty years old. They are taken away from their homes, and become absolutely subject to the husband and the husband's mother or grandmother. They are often beaten for some trifling, childish fault, or even for no fault at all. Suicide by child wives and widows is not uncommon.

A recent census of India showed that there were about 325,000 widows under fifteen years of age. About 15,000 of them were less than five years old. There were 10,000 babies less than a year old who were nominally wives. Thousands of children from nine to twelve years old are actually wives living with their husbands. At one of Miss Tennant's meetings for women, she asked all those present who had been married before they were twelve to stand. Among those who rose were eighteen young girls, one of them a recent bride, only eight years old.

At the same meeting a Hindu woman, thirty years old, told her own story, and finished by bitterly condemning the custom of which she had been the victim. She had been married at the age of nine, and had been the mother of seven children, only one of whom was then living. Before this meeting broke up those present who were opposed to early marriage were asked to raise their hands. With the exception of four, every woman and girl put up her hand. This meeting was at Lucknow.

The mortality among the children of these marriages is great. A Calcutta physician said that in his practise one-third of the children born of mothers under sixteen died in infancy. The mothers themselves are often physical wrecks when mere children. A Hindu physician says that 25 per cent of the women die prematurely because of early marriages and another 25 per cent become invalids from the same cause.

Child marriage does not concern the girls alone. Boys, too, are betrothed in infancy and are married when they ought to have no other care than go to school and excel in some good sport. Many of them keep on at school even when they are husbands and fathers. In one school of 500 boys 200 of them were fathers.

Miss Tennant tells of one 16-year-old boy who married a 10-year-old girl. Inside of three years this very young couple had two children. The 19-year-old father was compelled to give up his studies, and, instead of forging ahead as he might have done if he had been free to complete his education, he had to take whatever employment he could get in order to take care of his family. He got work at wages that gave them a bare living.

Although thoughtful men throughout India have admitted for years that child marriage is as great a curse to boys as to girls, and that there can be no regeneration of the country with its continuance, yet, according to their own newspapers, one American girl has stirred up more public sentiment than all previous efforts put together. She works under the auspices of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, but most of the $700 a year she spends comes from America. The article goes on:

Miss Tennant in fact has taken pains to fortify herself with a study of the great Hindu teachers, and she lays down the law, not only according to her own ideas, but according to men who are held in reverence in India. At a men's meeting which she addressed in Cawnpore about six weeks ago, she told some very plain truths.

"The physical decline of your race, which is the inevitable result of early marriage, is going on at a rate, as shown too plainly by the census reports, that must cause apprehension to all lovers of the country," she declared. "But, however guilty you may have been in the past, you are now slowly recovering from the stupor of ages.

"As to the proper age for marriage, one of your wise men said: 'Let a man who has finished his studentship espouse an auspicious wife.' Manu, your great teacher, said: 'Let a man of 30 years marry an agreeable girl. One marrying earlier deviates from duty.' Your ancient laws, as embodied in the Smritis, sanction the postponement of marriage until the parties are of a mature age.

"Perhaps you do not know that there are nine millions of girl wives in your country under the age of 15. Two and a half millions of them are under 11. There are 400,000 widows not yet in the teens!

"What do you think of the level of progress in a country where there is such an overwhelming number of child wives and widows without education, without healthy ideas, without a sane and ennobling outlook on life? How is your advancement possible when you tear girls from their elementary studies and hurry them into premature womanhood and when you condemn girl widows of tender age to a life with hardly a ray of sunshine to cheer its terrible rigors?"

It is apparent that Miss Tennant does not lack the courage of her convictions and she brings always an array of supporting evidence. When she declares that early marriage is destructive of health she quotes native medical writers. She also brings instances of her own observation.

At one of her meetings for women, for example, the progress of the lecture was checked when a woman of about 50 fell in a fit. It developed that her mother was only 12 years old when she was born and that, as is often the case, both mother and daughter had never been well.

But Miss Tennant is wise enough to know that the chief aim of the Marriage Reform League can be achieved in only one way—through education. With all the emphasis at her command she pleads for greater opportunities for both boys and girls, but most—because they need it most—for the girls. Out of 35,000,000 girls between 5 and 14 years of age in India only one in seventy attends any school.

"Female education is extremely backward all over India except in the Punjab," says Miss Tennant. "There girls may remain in school unmarried up to 15 and 16 years of age. In Mysore they are doing well. They have established 294 schools for girls. In Baroda the latest report says that over 54,000 girls attended school last year, an increase of 10,000 over the number in the preceding year.

"In Mysore and Baroda an infant-marriage-prevention act has been passed. That it is having its effect is proved by the fact that while the number of persons in Baroda fined for transgressing this act was 17,386 two years ago, it was only 1,934 last year. But in most of India it seems almost a hopeless task to get any real chance for girls to be educated."

The trouble is chiefly with the old women, who are jealous of any change in the order of things, and with the men, who have the traditional masculine aversion to upheaval in the feminine world. Miss Tennant received a letter from a high-caste Brahmin lady, who wrote:

"Our hearts break within us when we realize that our educated fathers, brothers, and husbands have given us nothing to encourage us so as to deserve our thanks."—From The Literary Digest.

Bravery of Bull and Bear Not the Best

Much has been said about the badness of any feeling or concern for a condemned man, and much merit is made of having none. Formerly a surgeon who showed utter disregard for the suffering inflicted in an operation was deemed a kind of marvel. But it is different now. The surgeon today must be first and foremost a man. The brute-mannered surgeon is not wanted. Brutal penalties were common until men like John Howard and women like Elizabeth Fry raised the world to a higher life by their toil and sacrifice.

Brutal punishments then, like the death penalty now, were perpetually depraving people. And it is because of this fact that we oppose them; though we have learned that they who make most merit of no feeling when the other fellow is under the knife, make the most fuss when some misfortune places themselves there. Cowardice mocks at another man's misery and misfortune, but courage, never!

The men most concerned for their unfortunate fellows have themselves borne pain best. And Jesus of Nazareth was not the least among them. Moreover, in his picture of the judgment,—Matthew xxv,—he makes the quality of men depend on their attitude toward the unfortunate. "I was in prison, and ye visited me not."

As a member of the state, I am a party to its laws and the execution of them. Is it not my duty, then, to oppose such as I know to be debasing? The state's example should teach too much respect for life to take it, even when justly forfeited. Organized humanity is a unit which cannot continue to kill its individuals forever. That, like war, will cease.

New Salem, Mass. PERRY MARSHALL.

Parables of Life—The Cigarette

There were just two more days before the test and the boy ran home, locked himself into his room and settled down for a good evening's study. There had been enough fooling. He knew he could get a First on this and he was going to get it. He had twenty pages of solid notes to make up and he was going to do it all before he got up from that chair tonight. He laid down his watch before him. It was now seven o'clock. He would work right through till ten and then take half an hour off and go at it again.

He opened his books and began. He read a page. Then feeling uneasy his fingers half unconsciously began to roll a cigarette. It was made and lighted almost before he was aware of it.

But after all it was not necessary to go into this stuff so thoroughly. If he simply ran over it and noted the chief points he would get on all right. If it was made up in detail now it might be all forgotten before the final exam came. "It will be better to run over it quickly now and do it again properly later in the year."

He did not believe that there would be any questions on lecture six anyway as he remembered some one saying it was more for the special students. So he might as well slip that part.

Look now, he had done three-quarters of it, he could get up a little earlier in the morning and finish the rest. "It is bad to force your brain when you are tired."

"Well," he said to himself in the armchair at nine o'clock, "this is the end of the tobacco, so this must be the last cigarette tonight." So it would have been if friends had not come in just then.

Rev. J. Edgar Park.

The Congregationalist of June 20.

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

The speech that day doth utter, and the night,
  Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound;
  Dull are our eyes to read upon the ground
  What's written there; and stars are hid by light.
So when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight
  Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round.
  Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound—
  Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.
But when the day doth close, there is one word
  That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers;
  And one at morn; by them our hearts are stirred:
Splendor of dawn, and evening that remembers;
  These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,
  Our souls are moved to thoughts that are divine.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE TOWN OF ASOLO.

Asolo, a magic word to all lovers of "Pippa Passes," is no longer the quaint old town given over to silk-weaving of fifty years ago. New machinery has now taken the place of hand labor, while the railways have drawn the centres of industry from the hill-perched town to the cities of the plain, says Mrs. Miller Morrison in a recent article in the *Daily News* (London.) "But the hand that transformed the lovely old-world Asolo into the very fairyland of a poet's dream held a gift in it still, and the present lace school of Asolo, founded in 1892, is a son's tribute of affection to the little town his father loved. Mr. Barrett Browning bought the crumbling factory in which Pippa worked and sang, hoping to resuscitate Pippa's craft. But the silk industry was found to be past and gone beyond recall so the old silk factory was transformed into the new lace school, and within its walls, looking down on the verdant rivas, and the blue, misty plains, and across to the Euganean Hills, some thirty small pairs of hands are to be seen, all busy with their pillows and their bobbins, weaving lovely Venetian lace in the beautiful antique patterns, and decorating hand-woven linen such as one sees shining white on the tables in old Venetian pictures. Just across the street from the lace school we read on a tablet let into the wall of the little house in which Robert Browning and his sister lodged during his last visit to Asolo:

"In questa casa
abito
Roberto Browning
Sommo Poeta Inglese,
Vi Scrisse Asolando,
1889."

The centenary of the poet whom Asolo loves to claim as its owner has been celebrated by the township by the inauguration of another tablet, bearing the following inscription:

"Celebrando il Centenario
del suo Poeta
al Nome di
Roberto Browning,
questa via
consacrava
7 Maggio, 1912."

This has been placed on the little house in which he lodged, "thus naming, in token of Asolo's love and gratitude, the street in which he last lived and worked Via Roberto Browning."

AS THE PARABLE MIGHT READ.

—From the Christian Register.

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" And he said: "This will I do: I will sow less grain for myself hereafter and give more thought for others' good. In place of building more barns, I will let some of my rich fields to my neighbor, Matthew, whose land is poor. Then there is my poor young neighbor, Reuben, who is ambitious to become a rabbi. I will sell some of my abundant grain and send him to Jerusalem that he may have a year at the feet of Hillel. I will ask this widow by the sea if I may not fill her cellar with grain and fruit against the long rainy season. I will give some of my grain to make better the road from my vineyards to the Holy City. I will plant some trees along the highway. Henceforth I will not toil so much, but I will study the law more. I will attend more feast days and make greater offerings to the temple service. Life is passing, it will soon be over, and I shall be gathered to my fathers. I will therefore nourish my soul before I go hence, to be no more. For what shall it profit if I have more goods and impoverish my soul? Yea, what should it profit if I gain the whole world and lose my soul?"

And the Lord said unto this man: "Thou art a wise servant; live thou for many years, the inspirer of youth, the comfort of the fatherless and widow, the keeper of my statutes. Yea, have thou long life and life more abundantly."

Rev. Joseph P. MacCarthy, Ph. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, 4th Ave. and 30th St., New York.

Prayers in the Congregation and in the College, by James Martineau, pp. 64.

The Temple of Lfe, by Ernest Newlandsmith, pp. 160.

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